

Annebury, 21st Nov.
1876

My dear friend

When the hand of life sees fit to call & himself then when we have loved & revered, it has seemed to me that out of the circle of those who have been privileged to enjoy the familiar acquaintance & confidence of the dear ones, the common-place opinion of sympathy can never be of much value, & may even be felt as a positive injury - a profane intrusion upon the sacred places of our hearts. I hope, that a word from me, at this time may not be so regarded, ever since my first acquaintance with the excellent woman, who has been called away from us, I have been thankful for the great privilege of reckoning her among my friends. I have never

met with a man beautiful & truthful
character; and by the sense of loss which
I feel, I can estimate in some degree
the magnitude of thy own bereavement.

We have read with deep interest
the volume forwarded to us. It is indeed
a precious & tenderly beautiful tribute
to the memory a good man. It seems
really marvelous, that the writer, so
burthened by sorrow & debility of body,
should have been able so well to perform
his grateful task of affection.

I need not tell thee that
we should be happy to see thee at
our house, at any time; & that I
should be glad to call on thee when
I am in N. Brit.

Very truly thy friend
John G. Whittier

25.
May 4th

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